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THE ROSE OF JOY.

BY
JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS.

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THE ROSE OF JOY

THE ROSE OF JOY.

I.

The summer passing, bright with dazzling bloom,
Sweet with the perfume of the clover fields,
And softened by the haze that veiled dim skies,
Intangible as dreams that come and go,
Found Winifred as happy as the birds,
Intent upon an ever-pleasant task.
One plant she kept within a flower-bed
Beneath an old oak tree that long had stood
Watching its image in a placid stream.
The plant was one of name so rich and rare
And said to be so wonderfully sweet
That she had left all others for its sake,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

And tended this in that secluded spot,
Unheeding other pleasures as she sought
The buds upon its green and leafy stem.
The *Rose de Joie* its name—described to be
Of radiance never seen in other bloom—
Its inmost depths of richest carmine hue
Which, in gradations, subtly changing still
Paled to the cream tint of the outer leaf.
No care that Winifred could give was missed,
And every morning, when the latest star
Forgot to shine before the sunlight's blaze,
Shaking the dewdrops from the locust bloom
That overhung the avenue, Winifred
Came eagerly to seek her lonely bower
That she might find at last a forming bud.
She left the pathway for a grassy slope
That bordered on the river. Shrubbery here
Concealed her from the young, light-hearted
crowd
Of sisters and of friends that afternoon

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Would gather on the lawns around the house.
There were the Persian lilac's graceful spray,
The beautiful syringa's redolence,
The gleaming yellow lily, and beside
The May rose thicket, spangled with the hue
Of many-clustered blossoms. Yet no heed
Gave Winifred to laughter sweet and clear
That floated through the close-massed foliage.
Nor did the rich profusion of the flowers
That hung upon the swaying branches near
Attract the eyes that, fastened on their joy,
Could see no beauty anywhere beside.
She plucked each withered leaf that hurt its life,
Destroyed the hidden worm that bade it die,
And brushed away the dust with careful hand;
And when the mounting sun had found it out,
Protected it with light and leafy boughs
Dipped first within the quiet, gliding stream;
And brought it water when the evening came.
When tempests threatened it, she made it lean

THE ROSE OF JOY.

'Against the strong stem of the aged oak
And fostered it with the same loving care
That would, if possible, anticipate
'All harms that might invade the quiet bower.
Sometimes she lingered there till through the
leaves

The silver moonlight wavered on the grass,
'And as the breezes of the summer night
Disturbed the peaceful rivulet beyond,
Went shifting hither, thither, brightening
The dark vibrating surface of the stream.
The mother gently chid fair Winifred
Who wasted thus the days of eager youth,
And spoke to her of tender human souls
Who needed her to warm them with her love,
Who wanted care more than her cherished rose
To shelter them from chilling wintry storms.
But Winifred said low, with downcast eyes:
"The rose is fairer far to look upon.
'Although it has not bloomed, it promises

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Unfolding of a beauty yet unseen
Within our cultured gardens. Human lives
At best are full of evil." Then she went
Back to her bower, while her mother sighed.
Her father followed her with sterner words,
Telling her of the high and noble deeds,
Heroic purposes, and great success
Of those who in the nation and the world
Achieve results and make a happier earth,
And bade her if she would not emulate
Their lives, at least to read with earnestness
The facts of living history, that so
Perhaps some sweet enthusiastic thrill
Might bring her into harmony with these
And her white hands might some true labor seek,
And she might take her place with those who long
To be the instruments of lasting good.
Her tear-filled eyes gave some encouragement,
But soon their sparkling answer died away,
And gently then, but with too deep a calm,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

She said to him: "The time is all too short
To tend the Rose of Joy."

Her father then
Could only pity her, replying low:
"True, Joy, though it appeareth suddenly,
Is like the flashing meteor, quickly gone,
And leaves a white trail blurred by misty tears."
Her sisters parted next the verdant leaves,
And looking in with smiles at Winifred,
Their eyes that sparkled sunshine laughing still,
Their tones as merry as a dancing stream
That murmurs ever musically sweet,
They called her from her fragrant hidden glen
To join them in their gladsome joyousness.
But Winifred, with quick decision still,
Smiled answer, and then turning to her rose
Forgot their invitation ere they went.
Her brother came, and with a gentle hand
Would lead her to the rugged mountain top,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

That she might grow more buoyant with the
climb

And learn the beauty of a widened world ;
Then rising higher, through the mountain mists,
Translucent with aërial sunset gold,
The glory of the Maker they by faith
Might even on earth behold.

Full silently
Did Winifred stand listening to his words,
And paused before she answered seriously :
“Are not God’s flowers His creation, then?
Is not His work as perfect even here
As on the mountain tops? Within the rose
May not one see His glory shining forth?”
“Aye, Winifred, if one have eyes to see ;
But when the rose has opened—if it does—
I fear its fragrance will be naught to you—
Yes—and its beautifully shaded hue
And delicately carved blossoming
Except it give *you* pleasure and delight.”

THE ROSE OF JOY.

He moved away and left her with his words.
His heart was very sad, for Winifred
Had not been ever thus. Helpful was she,
The sweetest, sunniest of all the band
Of sisters ere she sought to cultivate
The rare and tender flower, the Rose of Joy.

Then one there came, more loved than all the
rest.

She loved him more that, like her other friends,
He urged not his own claim upon her time,
But spoke of duty and a wasted life ;
And as the last had done, he spoke of God
As King and as Possessor of our days.
But yet perhaps she hardly understood,
For still she answered him as though he had
Asked her to leave her rose for love of him.
“ ’Tis true, I hourly watch my silent rose
And give to it my tenderest care,” she said,
“ And seem to be neglectful still of you ;

THE ROSE OF JOY.

But every day I say to my sweet rose,
‘Be ready for the wedding, Rose of Joy;’
I whisper it your name to make it grow,
And, Bertrand, you must still wait patiently
Until the rose has budded even here,
Because the flower of joy must *blossom* first
Within the walls that make your home and
mine.”

THE ROSE OF JOY.

II.

The blithesome summer hurried on apace
Where spring had gone. The daisies, snowy-
edged,
Gleamed in the wide space of the meadow land;
The wild rose nestled on its leafy couch,
Its petals scattered by the lightest breeze;
Until one day the hot midsummer sun
Concentrated its rays and made the earth
Its focus. Through the weary morning hours
The fair wild flowers faded as they drooped,
'And Winifred leaned down her listless head
Upon the mosses in her shady glen.
But early in the torrid afternoon,
With sudden gathering of heavy clouds,
The torrents fell upon the trembling flowers,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Granting no time to shiver in the wind
Before they piteously beat them down.
The storm filled full 'the rushing mountain
stream ;
And Winifred, like any frightened bird
Forced to seek shelter from the driving gusts
Within the limits of a four-walled room,
Yet piteously chilled and trembling still,
Crept closer underneath the shrubbery
As wildly dashed the torrents of the rain
And brushed aside with wrath the outer leaves,
Till one wild burst of overwhelming light
Seemed to fill all the space with lurid fire,
And crashing down upon her senses came
The instantaneous thunder ; but her ears
Were closed, and for an hour she knew no more.
Meanwhile the wild tornado held its course,
Sweeping away her childhood's home and
friends,
For some, escaping from the lightning's fire,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Were driven from the wreckage but to die.
Young Bertrand, seeking then for Winifred,
Was tossed into the river's raging surge.
One moment life breathed in the chaos there,
And then it breathed within this world no more.
When the storm's fury lessened Winifred
Regained her consciousness, and even then,
While shivering in the penetrating rain,
She sought her rose. A burned and blackened
stem

Was all that could be seen. She traced the path
Of the destroying fluid. The old oak,
Torn from the rootage of its many years,
Had first been roughly splintered by the fire,
The plant receiving the remaining shock.
No longer seemed the bower a sheltered place.
Trembling, and wearied by the torpor past,
'And dripping with the wet, continual rain,
The girl went stumbling from her lonely nook
To seek the loving welcome of her home.

THE ROSE OF JOY.

No words had Winifred to meet her loss ;
Its desolation emptied all her life,
Whose end had been an evanescent bloom.
The tree trunks in the avenue blocked her path ;
She might have been within another world
For all she saw familiar on her way.
The house removed, a handful for the wind,
No home was there, no vestige of a home.
No hand was held to welcome Winifred,
No loving voice was heard to cheer her heart.
Long sought she wearily an answering word,
And in the blankness of despair forgot
The coming of the unresponsive night.
Then, as the gray of evening shut her in,
She turned toward the wildly swollen stream.
Perhaps the voice so often heard in joy,
So strangely altered now, the river's voice,
Had reached the deadened senses, though she
knew
No reason for the way her footsteps went.

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Often before she reached its crumbling bank
She slipped or stumbled, murmuring drearily:
"O Bertrand! Come and help me. It is dark."
Too long unused to prayer, she did not pray
Save sometimes, standing still to catch her
breath,

She raised her face and reached out helpless
hands

In the dumb longing for she knew not what.
At last she reached a village somewhat out
Of the tornado's path. Injury none
Was here. She found the road and followed it.
The rain had ceased. A few cold, sparkling
stars,

The retinue of the departing storm
Majestic in its ragged edges still,
Were shining on the blackness of the night.
Now knocking on the nearest cottage door,
Found Winifred an entrance. Here there dwelt
A widow with her children, one sweet child

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Of seven years and one a prattling babe.
She willingly gave Winifred a home
Till she should learn the safety of her friends.
In blank dismay and sorrow for a week
The girl remained, unheeding aught around.
Time woke her from the stupor of her grief,
But brought an added weight of loneliness
The while she stayed for tidings of the friends
Who came not—never sought for Winifred.
Some warnings were there of the total loss
Of life, of property, and of her home ;
And next there came a missive long delayed
Bidding her seek for refuge where she might,
And find her living in a working world—
A stranger's message, chilling, brief, and clear.
But while she read it did the little one,
The widow's Myrtle, clasp her trembling hand,
And from the mother's eyes looked out on her
A sympathy almost as warm as love

THE ROSE OF JOY.

That told the girl that she had found a home
Before the words were spoken in her ear.

There found she presently her work and place
As teacher of the little village school.
And gradually life came back again ;
A well-learned lesson gained her hearty praise ;
And, gazing into bright and eager eyes,
Old tales of noble deeds came back to her,
And she could tell them *well* to those who heard
With swelling heart and sparkling, questioning
glance.

So life grew sweet to weary Winifred—
Most sweet of all in pleasant twilight hours,
When, sitting at the cottage door to rest,
The little Myrtle leaned upon her knee
In quiet, while the cool white moonlight fell
Through the red brilliance of the autumn trees.
'And Winifred was welcomed to the homes
Of all her little friends with heartiness,
'And there her hands learned how to help the poor

THE ROSE OF JOY.

And childhood in its various illnesses,
And felt no longer empty of her rose.
Her heart was even readier than her hands ;
Exhaustless sympathy her gift became ;
And as she flitted through the village street,
Its border bright with flashing buttercups,
When spring's warm sunshine had come back
again,
Low voices floated through the open doors
With earnest prayer for blessing on her youth,
So lonely in itself, so rich in friends ;
And warm hand-claspings stayed her on her
way ;
And happy little Myrtle and her love,
As glad as sunshine, asking nothing back,
Crept in at every crevice of her heart.

THE ROSE OF JOY.

III.

And now at last had slipped away a year—
The snowflakes and the roses as they fell,
The high key of the storm wind's violin,
The sweet full warble of returning birds,
Alike are now forgotten as the past.
May brought us, with her sweet white violets
And fair and delicate wild cherry sprays,
Sweet dreams and dawning hopes of every joy;
And June shook gems from every leafy tree
Which made her dazzling as her own red rose,
And then she smiled in daisies. Then there
came
The summer sweet as promises of May,
With long contented days, forgetting still
To die until the dim and lonely stars

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Far in the vague expanses of the sky
Reminded them of the returning night.
Below the window of young Winifred
Had sprung a tender rose vine, clambering high;
It looked so like her long-lost *Rose de Joie*
Sometimes her tears fell on it in the night
When silver moonbeams brought it to her view,
For in that one remembrance of her rose
Were wrapped all memories of friends and home.
And August followed. Just one year before
The wild, terrific thunderstorm had swept
Over the trembling country far and near.
But now upon the frosty mountain top
The rain, congealed, forgets its mission here,
Like icy hearts that hold no loving gifts.
But brilliant was clear August's *opening* day,
A day of gladness for the little school
Who rambled with their teacher on the hills
And feasted in the wood beside a spring,
Silent and limpid in its cool retreat.

THE ROSE OF JOY.

A spray or so of goldenrod had bloomed,
Early reminder of the coming frost.
Deep and luxuriant greenness everywhere
Smothered the chilling token as it could.
The shy wild rabbit flashed across the brush,
While tamer squirrels chattered in the trees.
When at the close of day all left the wood
A glorious vision burst upon their sight.
Within the sky the rose's flush was seen:
It hovered round a solemn mountain peak
Of deepest purple touched above with gold;
'And at its foot a silent lake found rest,
Its shore line still distinct in pale, sweet blue,
Its surface crimsoned by the sunset light;
And from behind the ethereal mountain streamed
A glory of pure gold.

 Upon the hill
The children stood in silence and in awe,
And as the beauty slowly died away,
Winifred hid her face within her hands.

THE ROSE OF JOY.

The days went on—bright, hot, and very still.
At last the brilliance faded from the earth,
The buoyancy from all the morning sky.
The warm, round sun, with no adorning rays,
Shone without mercy into every place
That could not find a shelter from the heat.
All but the rose vine by the cottage side
Turned brown and limp, and withered in the
drought ;
Red sunsets watched by tired, hopeless eyes
Came nightly, followed by long, breathless
hours ;
A heavy smokiness confused the air,
Absorbed, concentrated the scorching heat.
Wearily and with heavy footsteps still
The mothers of the village plied their tasks.
The little children came at evening time—
No longer ready for a merry game—
To sit beside the tired mother's knee
And rest their aching, drooping heads a while.

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Then sickness came. Now here, now there, it
 crept,
Seeking within the night an untouched home;
With cold and subtle poison found its way,
Bringing a heavy dread to those who shrank
From the dim shelter of a darkened room
And shivered in the sunshine at their door.
Chilled to the soul, they feared they knew not
 what.

No quarantine was needed. Everywhere
The sickness trod with dull and heavy steps.
No one need shun his stricken neighbor's door
When in his *home* the fever takes its place.
Most busy then was ready Winifred.
Her soft, cool hand would soothe the fevered
 brow,
Bring icy water from a bubbling spring;
Her gentle step gave thoughts of greater ease;
Her loving eyes beamed ever softer light

THE ROSE OF JOY.

In darkened rooms that feared the sunshine's
glare ;

Her low and steady voice brought hope of life
On earth to those who knew no surer hope ;
And little Myrtle, she who loved to talk
Of all things pure and lovely, followed her
And helped her as she could with childish hands,
Carrying flowers for the searching eyes
Tired in their quest for something fresh and new.
The babe had early died while Winifred
Had held it lovingly within her arms,
The mother, weak with fever, watching her.
At last the little Myrtle also drooped,
But kept up bravely, hiding all her pain,
And if she found a quiet hour of rest
Upon the doorstep, leaned her little head
On her friend's shoulder and her helpful hand
Upon her mother's lap and talked to them—
A few words now and then—of lovely things:
Of all the beauty of the far-off spring;

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Of that fair vision in the sunset sky ;
Yet more and more she drooped. The wearing
 heat
Claimed gradually her elastic frame,
Her buoyant steps grew faltering and slow,
'And anxious eyes saw light fade out from hers
And then burn out more lustrously again
In a pinched, burning face.

 Until one night
She could not climb the easy flight of stairs,
But Winifred's young, strong arms carried her,
The mother following closely with her grief.
'And eager questions asked the feverish child
That hurt her listeners: "Does the baby know
More than my mother? Can she have forgot
Or does she now remember how you held,
Dear Winifred, her frosty hands in yours
That night that she was taken with the chill?
'And when I dream of cool shades in the hills,
'And cool, deep rivers flowing fast and free,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

And tempests tossing in the sweep of rain,
Is it because the baby kisses me?
She was too little *once* to love me here,"
And Myrtle shivered in the burning air,
"But oh! she loved me when she went away."
Still close by Myrtle watched young Winifred,
Soothing the trembling mother by her side.
Schooled by her nursing in her neighbors' homes,
And even more by love, she tended her,
Rocked her to sleep within her gentle arms
Through all her sickness. Days went on. The
long

Hot days without the sound of any rain,
But Myrtle lived to be her mother's pet,
Frail as the trembling wind anemone,
But daily growing stronger, till their fears
Died out. But still the fever wildly raged
Within the glen. Again went Winifred,
When Myrtle needed not her constant care,
To help the other friends who needed her,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

But left the child within a mother's arms;
And coming homeward after weary nights,
She sometimes plucked a leaflet from the vine
That underneath the window spread its sprays,
And wondered idly, caring not to know,
Why this alone was ever fresh and sweet.

THE ROSE OF JOY.

IV.

October came, withered, and hot, and still,
Its opening weeks as all the weeks before.
The exhausted spring was but a muddy pool,
A few drops trickling in at intervals.
Far distances the weary footsteps went
And sought the sources of the narrow stream.
The variegated foliage of the fall
Came not that year—the woods in early brown
Had shown where many sturdy trees had died.
And few were there to note the faded leaves—
No children, with their laughter and gay shouts,
Gathered their hands full in their merry sport,
Burying one the other underneath,
Or, raising from dry heaps their curly heads
And showering down the leaves with joyous
smiles,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

With swift feet rustled music o'er the earth.
Those who were left to walk within this world,
Wan-featured, trembling, clung to shelter now,
Or went with searching glances, silently,
With the dim mist of losses on their face,
But could not find the objects of their quest;
Two lives or three, the fever's fire held still,
And to their help went daily Winifred,
For few were strong enough to face the task.
And walking home one day in the pale gleam
Of twilight, came these thoughts unto her soul:
"I have found work within this quiet glen,
And it has been a blessing unto me
For many happy months. In sympathy,
In love, and helping, gladness did return—
And when their trouble came I found it mine.
Yes, I rejoice to give my time to these
Because I love them. I have needed not
To know or care what I myself might lose.
But One there is to whom my all is due,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

He only hath no gift of love from me.
Daily I have withheld what is His own—
The life He gave me, with a heart to love.
Can I bear longer that the blessed Lord
Should look within that heart and see no love?
No wish to serve Him as His thankful child?
Henceforth, whatever labor I shall do,
May it be His appointment, done for Him!"

She reached her room with tired step and slow,
And knelt there humbly in the growing gloom,
Praying forgiveness, strength, and every want
Before she slept the sleep of weariness
With restless tossing and with changing dreams.
At last she wakened, starting up in fright,
And found the dawn had softly entered in;
Then, knowing she was needed, she arose,
Saying and smiling sweetly: "Unto Him
This day is given, with all the coming days."
And yet her head was heavy with sharp pain,
Her brain was dizzy, and her chilly hands,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Would hardly help her in her daily tasks.
Softly she crept adown the creaking stair,
Disturbing not the widow and her child,
But shivered in the cool and bracing breeze
That had arisen in the autumn night
To drive away the fogs and poisoned air.
And when she reached the needy neighbor's door,
The thoughts of danger long forgotten here
Came whirling through a wildly busy brain
And, as she never had, she realized
That entering these fever-haunted rooms
Was giving all she had, even her life.
But as she stood, her hand upon the latch,
She whispered softly, "It is unto Thee,
To Thee alone," and entered quietly:
Her head grew steady for a little while,
And she went eagerly to help the sick.
A new, sweet gentleness was in her face,
A look of brightness in her happy eyes.
She sang beside the restless, soothing them,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

The low, sweet music of a heart content,
Her voice clear with untroubled confidence
That fears no harm, accepting what God's will
Shall choose as altogether blessedness.
With smiles of cheer for those who questioned
her
Asking for hope of life, and health, and strength,
She said: "The truth is aye beyond our hopes.
If our own plans should fail, One maketh plans
Far better, treasured full of wealth and joy
For those who trust in Him with earnest faith."
At night she went home feebly, pausing oft
To rest along the roadside, heeding not
The breeze that hurried faster through the glen
Than in the morning, clearing all the sky,
Making the west a sea of vivid green
Dashed with the roses of the setting sun.
She could not help it, though the sharpened air,
Coming too late to strengthen, chilled her
through.

THE ROSE OF JOY.

And when she reached her home she climbed the
stair,

Calling the while to Myrtle cheerily,

"Do not be troubled, darling. I must rest

And need you not," because she did not know

That she was trembling at the fever's touch;

And then she went to sleep with peaceful
thoughts,

And murmured, thinking of the morrow's work:

"Help me to do it only in Thy Name."

THE ROSE OF JOY.

V.

But sleep dwelt not with weary Winifred;
Too weak to toss, she lay as in a dream;
Too weak to call, she waited till her friends
Should miss her in the morning from her place;
Too weak to pray, she rested as a child
Upon the Love that never doth forsake;
Sometimes in an entire unconsciousness
An hour passed, and sometimes hurried words
Of scenes existing not were spoken low,
But the sharp rattling of the window blind
Would chase away the shadows, and she knew
Her thoughts had been but fancies of the past.
Sometimes, again, she clearly realized
That Death was fiercely fighting with her frame;
And then she lay with clasped hands silently

THE ROSE OF JOY.

Smiling in answer to the messenger,
And murmured softly: "It is Thine, O Lord!
The day is Thine, and if it holdeth death,
Still keep Thou me, and give me what Thou
wilt."

And in the gray, dim hour before the dawn
A vision flashed before her dreamy eyes—
In letters luminous as sunlight beam
Floated One Name upon the darkness there,
That Name the sunshine of all trusting hearts.
And ever as the shadows came and went
Before the dizzy eyes of Winifred,
That Name gleamed steadily in golden light;
And when a moment's snatch of feverish sleep
Had blotted all the scenes of life away,
In waking, chilled with fears that came and went
She knew not why, the radiance of that Name
Still shone on Winifred and gave her rest.
And while the dim awakening mystery
Of earliest dawn aroused the sleeping earth,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

That Name flashed out in lustrous splendour still
And wavered not. When came the morning
light
It vanished.

When the autumn sun had risen,
Freed from the fog-like haze of other days,
And some late birds began to warble low
To welcome the wild breezes and the life
That now began its buoyancy again,
Slept Winifred, an unrefreshing sleep,
'And when her anxious friends had sought her
room,
Waking, she did not know their gentle touch
Or recognize their faces or their voice,
Broken with sobbing questions as it was.
But often did she speak in accents low,
Filled with a measureless and glad content,
One Name, and in that Name she tried to do,
Or thought she did, kind deeds for those around,
'And thus she made confession of her faith,

THE ROSE OF JOY.

While tears, which could not then disturb her
heart,
Came to the eyes of all who listened there.
And then she slept again, and quietly
Her friends slipped out, that she might have her
rest,
Till even Myrtle left her in that hope,
And all that day her sleep the widow watched.
The winds changed, veering to the rainy east—
The clouds came, gathering from their hiding-
place,
And longing eyes were turned toward the sky,
And long unheard ,the distant ocean's roar
Made music in the lonely watcher's ears
As the wild surf beat on the sandy shore—
And bending underneath the fitful gusts
That shook them, all the withered forest trees
Rose trembling afterward—then rainy spray
Came whirling swiftly through the dusty air—
And then the wild dash of the gathered storm

THE ROSE OF JOY.

At twilight burst upon the window-pane.
And little Myrtle, wandering on the lawn,
Sought shelter underneath the roof again,
And watching Winifred's half-open door,
She could but see her friend unclose her eyes
And call her with their strong, unspoken wish.
Then in crept little Myrtle noiselessly,
Her apron gathered in one dimpled hand,
And gently showered from it on the bed
A wealth of roses, radiant and sweet,
Fresh with the first drops of the coming storm;
Cream tint, and purest white, and carmine red—
All hues of beauty were commingled there.
"They grew beneath your window," whispered
she;
"I think they must have blossomed in the night—
Night before last—for morning found them
there."
One rose clasped Winifred within her hand—
A helpless hand that could not hold it long;

THE ROSE OF JOY.

But still she lay and watched the lovely flowers
'And breathed their fragrance. Peace all undis-
turbed

'And gladness inexpressible remained.
Until the sunset came, and then—she slept
'And needed care no more.

And leaving then
The room that held the form of Winifred,
They left about her still the Rose of Joy.

THE END.

